

Dragon Cry

by The Legion's Story

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Summary: An underground organization is hellbent on containing a mysterious and deadly disease attacking the dragons, all the while keeping it secret. One of them was called during the emergency to counter the threat. With his ability, he will either save the dragons... or forced to kill all of them. Events following HTTYD2 (may contain spoiler). [Hiccup x Astrid] although not heavy on it.

1. Chapter 1

**So I watched HTTYD 2 yesterday. Good movie, amazingly epic. Watched the first one, must say that it was an improvement. I was planning this fanfic for a long time now, I just needed to watch the movie so that I can connect it somehow. **

That, and I supposed I need to finish my Frozen fanfic before starting a new project. EEK...

This story is based on a little plot I have about an organization, courtesy of my imagination. I just connects bits and pieces to the this plot. I hope you enjoy this one. Happy reading...~

* * *

><p>D-Links Communication log #5

_Legion-Sentinel, Sector Chief Andrae Zalakova
>Sector: XMZ-4657, "World of the Dragon"

_[_IMPORTANT NOTICE][FIRST PRIORITY]_

_\\IN\\Request immediate support. Possible Code 505. Need reinforcement for containment procedure. Lacking information, will update soon. Keep the line open. We will do what we can from

here.\OUT__

* * *

><p>Legion-Hunter, Stuka
>Journal entry #452<p>

Silence. That was the first thing I notice after I opened my eyes. It was dark, but I can tell from the rocky surfaces of the ground and wall that I'm in a cave. As my senses began to dawn on me, I heard a faint sound from the path ahead. I recognized that sound, a sound of waves hitting the shores.

I've made it to where I'm supposed to be. My left hand feels a bit heavy. Looks like I still have my belongings with me, all stored up in one bag, dangling on my grasp. I lift it up, and shoulder it to make it easier for me to carry it. My head turn left and right, taking a quick glance at my surrounding. There's nothing else in this cave.

It was the first time I was there, and the first thing I remember was the darkness and breeze flowing through the crack and opening in the wall brought a little bit of peace to me. Something I find very rare lately. I also remember taking a sniff, it was definitely the smell of seawater. I'm now somewhere near the ocean. A little part of me wanted to stay and enjoy the moment for a minute longer. But, I remind myself, I have a job to do.

With that in mind I took my first step, headed towards where the cold ocean air making its way through the moth of the cave. I have no problem seeing in the dark, thus it was child's play making my way out. It was a short walk before I can feel the open air. It was night time, and the stars were in their billions filling up the dark sky.

It took a while for me to admire the beauty within the dark sky, but then I move on. As I take off my eyes, a sign greeted me before I could take another step. For most people reading in the dark woud be a major problem. I on the contrary, have no such problem.

Something was written on it. The first line reads.

"BEWARE OF DRAGONS"

The other line was written in language unfamiliar to me.

Next to the writings was a cartoon-ish drawing of a friendly dragon head, with sparrow-like beak and spikes surrounding its head.

'This has got to be an idea of a joke in this sector', that was my first initial thought when I see that read that sign. At that point, a voice called me over.

"Oi!"

I glanced, only to find a man holding a torch wearing a thick fur clothing with a certain familiar black sword dangling on his belt, standing in the tiny edge of rocks. I didn't know him, but I immediately assume that he was to be the one who pick me up once I got to that cave. Moreover, he has a ship anchored not far from where

he stood, pummeled by the waves

Casually, I walked up to him, and as I do, his facial feature became more and more apparent to me. The most distinguished feature about him was his long ginger hair, on which he tied into a ponytail. I don't think I'll ever forget that hair style. He raises his right hand, ready to shake me by the hand.

"Hi, I'm Andrae." He said it with a bit of an accent.

I recognize that name. I was briefed before my arrival. Andrae Zalakova, the current sector chief of sector coded "4657". I'm playing in his turf now, and I'll be answering to him until the day that this is all over.

"Welcome to 4657, you must be Stuka." He follows.

>I grabbed his hand and shook it. Myself, then said. "Nice to meet you."
"Well then, it's this way." He said, before breaking our hand shake.

On the way, we had to jump a few rocks to get to the docking area. There's no clear path, I suppose they wouldn't bother building a path in this small rock in the middle of the sea. A few quick jump and we're there.

The boat waiting for us wasn't just any boat. It's a long single sail boat, with shields and rows on the side. From what my knowledge can tell me, it was a viking longboat, easily recognize by the carving representing a dragon's head in the front of the vessel.

The next thing I notice is the crew, they were big and a bit chubby almost. They had fur clothing covering most of their bodies, but they wouldn't bother covering their muscle-filled arms. Under their fur clothing was a recognizable shine from an armor. Some of them had helmet on top of their heads with a pair of horns attached to it.

"Who are these people?" I asked, as I wasn't aware that there would be anyone else.

>"They're 'strangers'." He said.
"Mercenaries?"

>"Better, Vikings."
"Vikings, eh?" I took a glance at one of them.

"How much money you spent for them?"

>"None, Vikings here couldn't be bought my friend. These people owes me, and we have come to some sort of arrangement."<p>

Andrae proceeds with giving them orders. We were heading against the current, so the row was used. Even so, we are advancing at poor speed. All lights were off, the splash from the waves hitting the boat extinguish the torch lighting the ship. Darkness engulf once more, this time accompanied by the uncomfortable ride and slow progress.

It was cold, and we are all wet. I can't remember the last time I had any sleep. Andrae has his own problem. It was a stressful night for all of us.

A few hours must've passed. The current changed, and we no longer have to move against it, greatly improving the quality of the ride.

It was still dark, must've been anywhere passed midnight. I can see what they're doing, these vikings. They're still sitting at their rowing station, didn't move. I guess it's because it was pitch black, they cannot see a thing. That's when, a single source of light from Andrae's lighter burst into existence.

"Everyone, anything you heard or overheard from us is none of your concern. Please, forget it once you return to your homes."

They all seems to nod in exhaustion.

Andrae walk to my side of the boat and sat next to me, still with the lighter shining its bright fire.

"I understand that this is your first time here, and as the sector chief I'd like to welcome you."

>"Thanks, if it's really necessary." I answered in return.
>"You sir are going to love this world, if not under such circumstances. You have been brief before this, yes?"

>"Yes, I have."
>"Good, then I don't have to tell you that we have an emergency on our hand."

>"Code 505, the RAGE outbreak."
>"Yes and no. Unlike previous cases, the victims aren't just any living things."

>"It spreads even further?"
>"No, dragons. Correction, exclusively dragons."

>"It infects dragons?"
>"So far, there's 5 cases on which 20 dragons were killed... or had to be put down. They all showed an extensive increase in aggression. They will attack any human or dragon in sight. That wasn't the interesting part..."

I maintain eye contact as I wait for him to proceed.

"It didn't jump to a human." He said.

I was slightly interested to where this is going. This is certainly new to me. I asked if he is certain of his findings. He answered me with a story.

"A few days back, one of them tried to escape the temporary quarantine zone we set up. Out of the 2 of the men there to stop them, one of them is killed and the other had their legs bitten-off. That second men, right now, is still alive and missing a leg."

>"He didn't turn."
>"Yes, he didn't. If this had been the red sector he would've turn within seconds."

>"So it's different." I draw a conclusion.
>"Well, no. We're not sure yet."

>"Are there other who came in before me?"
>"A little of 150 men from the white division and 2 member of the Legion Order, no wait, it's 3 member of the Legion Order, Legion-Support Division. Almost forgot that bloody blonde-hazelnut. They set up a camp and a temporary quarantine zone, although we still have a massive gap we need to seal. That's where you come in, Legion-Hunter." He said with a smirk painted across his face.

* * *

><p>It was always tiring to hear a call for work. I knew I had to postpone my vacation again. What I am now, and what I do, it's almost impossible to keep a sane living mind without recording your life in some sort of medium. I have my journal, others have other means in

keeping their sanity.<p>

I know, my introduction is a bit late. I have a very long complicated name, but everybody prefer to call me by the name Stuka. That name started to dawn on me in a way. I am a member of a long standing underground organization, The Sacred order of Legionnaire, sometimes simply dub as "The Legion". We are a world-jumping maniac who pretend to protect all the worlds from hell, or stop them from turning into one.

I am not of this world, this world where the two dominant species are humans and dragons. In fact, none of us do, neither does this unknown disease. It's our job to get rid of it, as simple as it can get. Except, something went wrong on this one.

Well, I guess it's align with a little saying we have; "If something didn't go wrong, it isn't a job for the Hunter."

* * *

><p>So? First thought?

**Let me guess... doesn't make sense? Well, it was supposed to be the kind of story where you make sense of everything in the middle to end part. **

Well, leave a review and do your thing. I have the second chapter ready, maybe tomorrow or the day after tomorrow. Legion out, Taraa...~

2. Chapter 2

Second Chapter is up.

Hopefully, this should set up the setting for this story.

* * *

><p>Day 2.<p>

The shining light of the sun slips through the tiny crack and opening in the wall of wooden house. It's the morning after I first landed in this world. I didn't get much sleep, about one and a half hour, maybe. It' wasn't the most comfortable either as I find myself waking up in a seated position. I tried to shake away the sleepiness away, it seems to be working.

It was quiet, not even the sound of bird chirping which usually came in with the morning sun. The house was empty, there was no sign of Andrae. I figured he must've go out somewhere to get something.

I stood up from my chair, snap my neck left and right. When everything feels right, I stepped outside.

The wind was unforgivingly relentlessly strong, not to mention cold and loud. We must be up north somewhere, I thought. The house itself was situated on the edge of a cliff, with a sheer drop to the sharp rocks and crushing waves of the ocean. Behind it was a forest, and as I looked around, I see no other structure in sight. The house was

isolated, a perfect place to be a safehouse.

I looked back towards the ocean, which seems to have no edge. Then a voiced call from behind, or rather behind, and up.

A big winged creature, I recognized it as a dragon, hover just over my head. It flaps its wings with its massive claw grasping a round fluffy thing, which turn out to be a ship.

"What is that supposed to be?" I asked.

>"A sheep."
>"Yes, I know that. What is it for?"

>"Food, maybe."
>"You didn't steal it, did you?"

>"Of course not, I bought it, or rather trade for it. Berk is like in the other side of the damn island."
<p>

I came in a stepped to closer to take a look at the sheep. "Berk? The viking village?" I raised my head.

>"Yep." He answered. "I also overheard something funny there."
<p>

* * *

><p>Berk, 2 hours ago.<p>

A village life starts early, right?

No, the only reason I woke up early is because an annoying sound of moan from a creature outside. It was my dragon, a Deadly Nadder, or just Nadder, since they stop killing dragons now. His name was Seville, and he was hungry. He is also very smart, so smart that he made it an excuse to wake me.

Well, here I was sometimes later. I left my buddy at the hands of whoever Vikings taking care of the stable. They didn't ask who I was, which was perfect as I really prefer being anonymous. They must've think I came from around here. Well, can't blame them, not many people out there are so keen on riding dragons.

It'll be quite a while before Seville finishes eating from the little buffet they got. That's when I took the liberty to run around a bit, see what changes they make since the last time I'm here.

It's not that hard spotting the changes, especially since there are many of them. Apparently they have a race course now, for dragons, which I think was kind of interesting. They built bucket filled with water on top of their houses as a fire prevention measures in case their dragon set any of them on fire, smart.

I walked around, exploring a bit. Then I began to notice a crowd in front of me. They're lining up for something. I decided that it was worth the look, considering I was not really doing anything. A few quick slips among the crowd and I was in a position find out what they're actually gathering for. To my surprise, or not surprise at all, it was just a normal chief and his people bonding time, with a slight difference.

The last Chief, Stoick the Vast, is unfortunately dead. The chief position was taken by his only son. I got this news a few days before the outbreak actually happen.

That brown-hair young man sitting behind the counter was the son of

the great chief. His name was Hiccup, as I was told. Apparently it was his real name. I first thought it as some kind of a joke, apparently I was wrong.

A little bit to the left was a six-and-a-half foot tall man with interchangeable hands and a peg leg. He's Gobber, Gobber the Belch to be more precise. I didn't know much about him, other than what I heard... and read. Stoick's right hand man, and now Hiccup's.

That girl with the Nadder, Astrid. She was soon to be married to the new chief. She wouldn't mind leaving Hiccup embarrassed after a light morning kiss in public. Never met her, the last time I saw her was when she was still in dragon training.

It was all quiet, then this happen...

"LOOK OUT! Night Fury." Yelled someone from the crowd.

We all stand aside, letting the black blur to jump on the young chief. That's when I sense myself grinding. He sure is a beauty, that night fury. I personally never had any report of any Night Fury other than this one, Toothless. The black dragon started to lick his rider, furiously.

"Oh come on! You know this didn't wash out." He moan in complaint.

Rumor has it that he is now an Alpha, after winning against an actual Alpha. I decided to trust on that report. That means he could control every dragon in this village, that could be handy.

>Anyway, they started talking about this white mysterious light who seems to appear out of nowhere from the darkness.<p>

"I saw it too!" said someone from the crowd. Apparently he's a legit witness. He came home late, flying with his dragon. He claim to witness such light. That didn't end there. Soon, more claimed to have seen the same thing. They all asked for Hiccup, their chief, to check it out. However, seems convinced that the light they saw was just a lightning from a storm or something.

"Guys, guys, I'm telling you... it was dark, it could be just a lightning for all we know."

>"No, this one isn't a lightning." Said Astrid, his fiancÃ©e.
Hiccup looked at her, confused, "Wait, you mean to tell me that you saw it too?"

She then blabber about how she and her dragon, Stormfly, was flying it out in the middle of night for "relaxation" came across that light. It wasn't long before an argument breaks out.

"Then what?"

>"I don't know. I grew tired of it and left."
"Why do I have the feeling that this 'white light' was your doing?"

>Andrae laughed, awkwardly if I have to say, "Well, you'll see."<p>

As he about to stand from his seat, I stopped him. "Wait, where did you get the sheep?"

He opens his mouth, then he paused for a second and said. "Well... I

didn't actually trade for it. Let's just say me and the sheep owner had come to some sort of an agreement. I could tell you the whole story..."

>"Are we on an emergency, or not?" I presses, feeling annoyed.
"That's right, we're leaving. Pack your sword and your belonging. We're not going to be here for a while."

So I did. The signature black curved sword I have and a bag full of all I need for the coming weeks. That's when he presses another topic.

"Oh, and just so you know, we're flying there. There's only Seville, so do you want...?"

>"I can manage on my own." As I gave him a stare.
"Yep, I thought so." He came back to me with a light laughter. "It'll be a short flight. We're expected to arrive in the midst of night. Let's make this a comfortable flight."

After that, the rest of it went without a single hitch. We were heading to our destination, oblivious to the trouble waiting for us that night.

* * *

><p>A few hours later, Berk.<p>

"Alright, alright, you win Astrid."

>"YES! So you'll look into it? The ghost light."
"Do I have a choice?"

>"Don't be like that. Think of it as the two of us together, flying in the darkness of the sky."
"Now that you put it that way..."

>"Oh look, the sun is setting. We should go now." she said as she quickly hop onto her dragon's back.
"Hey, wait! Toothless!" he calls out for his dragon. The young chief hopped on to his pet dragon, toothless, "You know, usually it's me who liked to fly out after dark."

>"Well, your habit kind of grew on me." She defended. "Now let's GO!"<p>

Astrid pulls her dragon, Stormfly, making it jump up high. Not long, Toothless and Hiccup went after her. They both fly west, where Astrid had spot those mysterious lights, which coincidentally the same direction of where the sun sets.

* * *

><p>A few hours later, on a foggy island west of Berk.<p>

As anticipated, we arrived at our destination at night. It was pitch black as we make our approach. It was raining lightly, the weather wasn't particularly friendly back at sea. Nevertheless, we were able to land safely.

"Well, well, look who's late to the party..." greeted a man in a rain coat. His face obscured by his hood. He was accompanied by two other men, same outfit. They both wear a thick coat, but I can tell that they're armed.

>"Oh, shut up." Protests Andrae. "This is our Hunter."<p>

He walked up to me and offered a handshake. I stood by whilst he greeted me. "Hi, welcome to the joint." As he gave a little laughter. "The name is Dart."

>"Stuka."
>"Yes, I know. Your reputation precedes you. Welcome to the 'world of the dragon'."

Pretty soon, Andrae asked us to move to a more "rain-proof" location.

A few hours passed, we were still drying ourselves from the rain.

We sat down, and this Dart offers a hot drink. I'm dripping wet but didn't feel the need for the hot beverage, so I passed. Andrae however, thinks the opposite.

"I'll have some of that."

>"Yea? Well, I'm not the one who's going to make it."<p>

He was a bit pissed, that Andrae. But he get over it, just as he get off his wet-ass and went to the kitchen. We were in a cabin, deep in some sort of thick forest. I can't make out the feature as it was dark and raining, as good as my night vision may be."

"Well, any news?" asked Andrae as he's making his hot drink.

>"What do you mean?" Dart answers before sipping his own hot drink.
>"Situation report you idiot..."

>"Oh, why don't you just say so?" Then he took another sip. "Nothing happen, not that I know of at least."
"Where's everyone else?"

>"They're out there, on the rain."
"What are you doing here, then?"

>"Waaa- I'm hurt. I'm here waiting for you to return."
"Nope, you're here because you don't want to get wet."

>"Yea, that's right." Dart didn't give too much effort in defending his excuse<p>

"Hey! Hunter guy, Stuka was it?" that Dart guy turned to me. "You sure you don't want some coffee or anything? From the looks of it, we're not going to get any sleep tonight."

>"No, I'm sure." I calmly refused.
"Well, your loss." He goes back to his coffee.

The cabin wasn't your typical viking structure you'd find on the previous island where the viking village of Berk reside. The design was... different, almost modern. You can tell that it was easy to build and easy to dismantle type of structure.

They must've imported this.

Another thing is, it was well lit, the cabin. Not by fire or torches, rather by fluorescent tube, powered by electricity, presumably coming from a generator.

"You imported a lot of things here." I commented after looking at so many things. The two men paused from their conversation.

I asked a question, "isn't it against the rule to bring certain things to a world where those things deemed technologically advanced and way ahead of its time for that particular world?"

Dart smiles, "That's a mouthful, and we have permission. As long as it's a secret and none of the local sees it, it's almost like these equipment were never here."

His explanation was reasonable, but he wasn't finish. "Besides, we have to. Otherwise there will be a significant human casualties on our hand." He puts down his mugs and continue. "Did you know the chances of a viking killing a dragon on a one on one fight? Let alone, a Viking killing a rabid dragon, possibly ON CRACK, by himself? Do the math, we can't hire Vikings, because... they're not for hire and they're '*strangers'. So we used soldiers instead, unfortunately soldiers aren't Vikings. The soldiers we get aren't trained with battle axe, spears, nor hammer."

"So, what? Assault rifles?" I pressed.

>"Yea... We wished it was that simple." Dart chuckle.
It was Andrae's turn to speak up, "These dragons, they have a thick enough scale. 5.56mm STANAG can only be effective under 100 meters range. Anything beyond that is the job for heavier guns."

>"Well, heavier guns... or you." Dart finishes.<p>

"So, no cure?"

>"You know bloody well that the Red Sector Disease doesn't have any cure."
"I thought you said you weren't sure about this one?"

>"Well... we're playing it safe, and that means kill on sight for any infected dragon."<p>

Right after Andrae finishes his words. A bright white light made its way through the glass window of the cabin. The light was vivid in the darkness, shot up high up and disperse in a firework manner.

"Looks like they begin the light show."

>"Flares? That's the mysterious white light?"
"Yep, we've been using it to scare away the dragons from this island. Apparently it works for people too." Andrae explained.

>"One thing we're not short of is flare. They can keep this up all night for 2 weeks before we run out."
"Won't this attract attention?" I asked again.

>"Yes, yes it will. But you have to know, these nordic people are very supertitious, spread a little rumor and this light could be anything."
"What was the rumor you spread again, Dart?" Andrae asked.

>"Something about souls going to the afterlife, best not to disturb them, hehe."<p>

"Look! Look!" Astrid yelled out.

>"Whaa- "moan her fiancÃ©e, slowly opening his eyes from being overslept.<p>

Both of them, along with their respective dragons were adrift on an iceberg, a few miles outside the foggy island.

"Wow."

>"I told you it wasn't a lightning." Astrid said triumphantly.<p>

Both of them didn't say a word for a while after that. I guess you could say they were in awe. In Astrid's mind, "You know, it wasn't that scary at all now that Hiccup is here. In fact, I think it's kind

of beautiful."

She then got lost on her romantic imagination. That is until Hiccup came out with the idea to check it out.

"Let's go." He said mounting on his black dragon.

>"Wait, you want to go there?"
"Of course, let's go check it out."

>"Didn't you hear what they say about that light."
"I wasn't aware of those light since a few seconds ago. How did you expect me to know what they say about these lights?"

>Astrid could just facepalm in the sight of his fiancÃ©e. "They said those things were souls passing over to the other side, to disturb them could mean losing your own."<p>

Hiccup reaction? Silence, then, followed by an intense laughter.

"Hey! Don't laugh!"

>"You know me, right? Do you expect me to believe that?"
"Well, not really."

>"Come on, for all we know it could be a new type of dragon." He convinces her, optimistically.<p>

Astrid knew when Hiccup sets his mind, he can be more stubborn than your average Vikings. So she mounted her Stormfly and response, "Do I have a choice?" whilst smiling.

* * *

><p>Inevitably, a few minutes later...<p>

"_This is patrol 2-5! Dragons are flying at grid 4-4-5. Possibly infected. Permission to engage to prevent target from escaping, over?!"_

...But, that was a story for the next chapter.

**Review, follow, fave, do you what you have to do. If you are interested, make sure you review it.

>That's it for today, I probably won't update this for two weeks, I'm going on a vacation and won't be available for a week.

Well then, so long. Legion out... Taraa~

3. Chapter 3

**Short Fact **

3 Branches of The Legion :

_Hunter - Offensive Branch _

***Support - Support Branch**

***Sentinel - Defensive Branch**

**That will be useful later... in the meantime, enjoy reading chapter

* * *

><p>Day 2, nighttime.

A handful amount of times was lost. By the time it was done, the rain grew even lighter and fewer.

Andrae, finished with his coffee, walking around with the occasional sitting down on the chair. He seems bored, awfully bored. The same thing can be said for Dart. He sits by the window, looking out at the constant barrage of light from the flares.

I was still in the same room, reading some profiles and any lead available on the plague. It was rather interesting, and certainly got rid of my own sense of boredom. While reading, I didn't notice much, only the sound of dropping rain water along with the tick tock of the clock hanging on the wall. Yes, they brought a mechanical clock into world where they still have, like it was a necessity to fight the disease.

Given long enough time, Dart breaks the silence by the moan he's making when he stretched out his muscles.

"Right!" he said, "I'm off. Going to look for something to do in the forest."

>"Have fun getting eaten." Teased Andrae.
"Ha bloody ha." Dart sarcastically answered back.

Off he goes, out through the door, wearing his raincoat and his black sword on him. the light from his torch disappear as he enters the bushes.

Then, it was just the two of us again.

"Is this what you do most of the time."

>"Pretty much." Andrae answered. "Actually, I can show you the command tent."<p>

'There's a command tent?' I thought. "Don't you think you should show me that first, before coming here and did nothing?"

>His excuse; "Well, it was raining."<p>

He gave me a raincoat and the both of us soon stepped out to the muddy ground drench by the rain. We enter the forest through a little dirt path. At that moment, I first realized how thick the forest is. Dense bushes surrounds a thin and straight trees. Visibility is cut short by the spaces of trees and bushes. It's almost a jungle, although much less chaotic.

Another thing I noticed is the sound of leaves and branches, making contact with one another. They were blown by the night breeze of a small island. That sound was rather soothing in my ear.

Andrae was in front of me, leading the way with his torch. He mostly follow the dirt path, but he occasionally looks to the left and right, as if he was looking for something. My guess is that he's being cautious. It's arguable, this is after all part of a dangerous territory. He didn't said a single word.

A few minutes of walk and hike along the dirt path. In a fraction, I notice an unusual sound among the leaves.

"There's something nearby." I said, stopping in my path.

Andrae stopped as well. "Sorry, what?"
>"We're not alone."<p>

Andrae waved his torch around, lighting up the dark corners with his head inspecting those spots. That is until he realized,

"Oh, it's probably them."

I wonder who could 'them' be, but then he shouted "Friendly here." In a slightly louder voice.

Bushes began to rustle directly ahead. Something came out, and it was definitely a human.

"Good evening sir." The man greeted, carrying his weapon.

Andrae soon light the man with the torch he carried, and thus his appearance was revealed.

Nothing much to describe, only that he wears a raincoat similar to Dart's. He must be one of the soldier from the white division is what I thought. A closer look indicate that the camo-ed coat soldier also peppered himself with branches and leaves from the forest, for hiding purposes undoubtedly.

"Where's your partner?" Andrae frantically asked.

>The soldier reacts with pointing to the darkness behind and slightly upwards. Then, he clears his answers, "Well... somewhere over there."<p>

The man's partner must be up there in the tree, hidden in leaves.

Andrae then proceeds with asking the soldier a few question.

"Everything is quiet?"

>"Not a single howl, roar, or hiss... sir."
"Well carry on."

>"Sir yes sir..." he calmly answers.<p>

The man walked back to the darkness, disturbing the bushes on the way. Andrae than turned to me.

"Patrol unit, two men, all around the perimeter of the island." He explains

>I didn't stutter a word.
"Well, let's go."

Still trying to get to the command tent, somewhere. On the way, I asked a few question regarding this operation. Wasn't anything important, just trying to know more about the current situation. From that I manage to learn a few things.

The quarantine zone was the whole the island. There's patrol group of

two constantly circling the perimeter. They manage to get a short range mobile radar installed, which purpose is to detect anything entering or leaving the island. He claims that nothing, not even a bird, ever fly in the skies over the island.

They have a means of detecting the dragons escaping the island, but they didn't have the means to put them down.

I guess that's part of my role in the operation.

Anyway, the dirt path soon lead to an opening amongst the thick forest. The tent was purposely camouflaged with the forest. There are several tents aside from the obvious, larger command tent. I suspect the smaller one to be where the soldier's sleep. There are several more which I had a hard time identifying.

Andrae explained, three just surrounding the command tent was for storing supplies, whether it'd be weapons or food. There are also several medium size tents which have been converted into the infirmary and field lab.

"But you won't have to touch the labs, your place is in here." As he open the shade to the command tent.

The inside of the tent was unlike what the outside looks like. It was well lit, with various electronic equipment. There's a board with a map sticking on it, it was unmistakably the map of the island. That's when I learn that the island was volcanic with a volcano sitting on the North West edge of the island. There are several legends, markings, and pins on the map, but I won't go into the details with that one.

As I stayed longer, I began to notice the busy atmosphere of the tent. Military personnel with headphones constantly talking and people adding new thing to the map on the board. They use radio as a mean to communicate, I suppose that explains the antenna outside of the tent.

There are also one section of the many tables inside that tent. Andrae doesn't have to explain, this must be where they monitor the radar. With the screen that is dark-ish green with a line that seems to scan it's surrounding every one and a half second, it's pretty easy to make that guess.

There are no dots on the screen, which makes it a good thing I suppose.

"Good evening sir." Greeted the soldier monitoring the radar as he stood up from his seat.

>"At ease." Andrae replied, the soldier then sat back down. "How's the night?"
"Nothing sir, as always."

"And we should be grateful for that..." Andrae said whilst he glanced back at me.

"Any idea where those 3 supports went?" he throws another question at the young man.

>"Ms. Tanner and Mr. Hex is in the forest with 1st platoon, doing an expedition..."
"And that 'one-eyed' sniper?"

>"He's in his nest in the mountain."<p>

Andrae glanced back at me with a sigh, "I swear, that guy stayed up there for the longest time..."

>"How long?" I asked.
"So far, ever since he arrived."

It was at that moment of casual atmosphere that the radar instrument began to beep into life. The young operator hastily puts on his headphones.

"Sir, we have two bogeys on the radar." He reports back.

>"From the island?"
"No sir."

>"Well, shit."
"Could it just be a bird?" I added.

>"With a dot that size, very unlikely." Andrae explains as he was looking at the radar screen. "The flares didn't scare them... interesting." He adds.<p>

He then gave out his next order to a different staff. "Contact all patrol unit around the perimeter. Tell'em to ready their flare gun."

>"SIR! Another bogey from the island." Shout the radar boy. It's another dragon.
"What?!" Andrae reacted as he looked at the radar. "Well, that's a problem."

He then went a silent, only for a few seconds before he turned to me. "Stuka! Get... Where the heck did he go?"

By the time he call for me, I was long gone.

* * *

><p>The wind started to brew stronger and stronger, looks like another rain. This didn't stop the two curious Vikings from investigating their so called 'strange lights'. By the time they reach its suspected position, the lights have vanished.<p>

"I swear it was here a moment ago." Astrid said, flying circle with her dragon.

>"Doesn't make any sense..." Followed Hiccup hovering on Toothless, confused.<p>

Meanwhile directly below them,

* * *

><p>Radio Log 23:20. Command Post Comms Unit.

#####

[static]"This is Longhouse CP to all patrol unit, I say again; this is CP Longhouse requesting all patrol unit. Be advised, we have a breached. Three units of unknown bogeys in the sky, I repeat; three unknowns in the sky. Mr. Andrae requests a synchronize flare shot from each patrol unit in order to flush out the intruder. Report any visual contact. Synchronize Flash is in 30 seconds. Stand by..."[static]

>*[static]"Roger command, sync flash in 30 seconds, over..."[static]<p>

[static]"Be advised, be advised, all unit flash in T-10

seconds..."[static]

[static]"All patrol unit... FLASH in 5... 4... 3...
2...-"

#####

* * *

><p>Dozens of flare lights filled up the sky. The two dragon riders, along with their dragons were more or less taken by surprise.<p>

"Woahhh... easy buddy." He said calming his ride down. "What happened?"

>"I don't know." Answered Astrid. "There's never this many lights before."<p>

The lights stayed in the sky for a while, turning darkness and shining the skies above the island.

"It's... beautiful." Said the Viking chief's fiancÃ©e as she adore the white floating light. She's not the only who seems to think like that. Hiccup, along with both of the rider's dragon can't seem to take their eyes off them.

"Wanna touch'em buddy?" Hiccup than tease his dragon, on which the reply was a light growl. Both of them zoomed off chasing the light with playful intent.

"Ahahahahaha..." Laughed Astrid along as she saw her soon to be husband playing with his dragon, chasing the light that filled up the sky.

But not all share the same joy they have, or in fact, had.

* * *

><p>[static]"This is patrol 2-5! Dragons are flying at grid 4-4-5. Possibly infected. Permission to engage to prevent target from escaping, over?"[static]
"Sir! Dragons are spotted at grid 4-4-5, PT 2-5 requesting permission to engage!"
>"Permission denied, tell them to stay put and describe what they see right now."<p>

"Patrol 2-5, describe what you see, over..."

>[static]"Two dragons... flying around. Is that? People, there are people on top of the dragon, I repeat; there are people on top of both dragons, over."[static]<p>

"They say there's people riding the dragons."

>"Son of a bitch! Get me a visual on that third bogey..."
"I don't know sir, third dot seems to be appearing and disappearing. It's gone now."

>"Sir! We have another radar contact from inside the island, headed straight towards the two dragons..."
"Ignore it! I know what it is. Find that third bogey ASAP!"

"Any patrol unit close to grid 4-4-3 are to investigate the area."

>[static]"Copy, this is 2-4, investigating the area for unknown bogey." [static]<p>

BEEP BEEP

>"Radar contact of the third bogey! Directly below the riders, gaining altitude fast!"<p>

* * *

><p>GRAAAAAAAAAAA!

"What was that?"

>"Astrid! Below you!"
"Huh?"

From the shadows of the light, came a climbing nadder. It struggles flying but manage relentlessly in his effort to climb. His movement are aggressive, it shows, even Hiccup knew what this dragon is about to do.

"ASTRID!"

The Nadder swung his head and CLAP goes his jaw, missing the bite on Astrid's Stormfly. Astrid dodges but only so, as the dragons out climb Astrid it suddenly loses control of it wings and crashes into Astrid's dragon, sending Astrid falling on her own with her Stormfly spinning out of control.

"HICCUP!"

>"ASTRID!" he shouts, as he push his own night fury into a dive.<p>

"AAAAAAAAAA!" She screams as she gaining ever closer to the ground. Just a few feet short, Toothless manage to grab her by the leg. Quickly he spun around putting Hiccup and Astrid in his embrace, before he himself hits a tree and crash landed.

_ "GRAAAAAAAAAAA!" _

>"Stormfly!" Astrid shouted worried as she stands up from Toothless protective embrace.<p>

Her dragons had fall on the bushes right in front, not far from where they are.

"Come on! Let's find your dragon." Hiccup suggested, lending a hand to Astrid and help her to climb onto Toothless's back.

* * *

><p>#####<p>

Radio Log 23:35

*[static]"This is 2-5. Dragons are down, I say again; the dragons are down. We are proceeding to the site, over." [static]

>[static]"Longhouse acknowledge. Assume all dragons are hostile. Additional unit, are routed to your position, over..." [static]<p>

#####

* * *

><p>"Stormfly!" Astrid rush to her dragon.<p>

Her Nadder is in a bad shape, limping and struggling to stand up. Looks like it was injured in one leg, presumably from the claws of the other Nadder, who is still disorientated from the fall.

It regain its sight back, and immediately fixed it on the group. It puts on its aggressive stance, giving the signal to Astrid to pull her weapon out.

"No, wait!" Denied Hiccup.

He then begun to put his both of his hand in front of him, trying to calm the aggressive beast down.

"Easy there... easy." He says.

The Nadder still growl and drools, twitching its head every once in a while. At the same time, the lights burst into the sky revealing the seemingly nervous Nadder.

It's also in a bad shape, worse than Stormfly's condition. It has scars and decomposing wound on its body. But there's one thing Hiccup notice most, the eyes were red as if it was filled with blood.

Then, something unexpected to Hiccup happens.

A bright light to his left shine his eyes, he uses one hand to cover his eyes against the intense light. The bushes hustled, followed by shouts of men.

"Hit the ground! Hit the ground!" said two voices.

They quickly began pushing and shoving Hiccup and Astrid to the ground, Toothless weren't too happy about it.

"Oh god, dragons." Said one of the man. He was quick to point a weird looking black stick towards it.

>"No, no, wait, he's friendly."<p>

Both the man shine a light to the eyes of both dragons, slightly discomforting them.

"Stop that!" Astrid protested.

"Clear."

>"This one too."<p>

They still look tense, even more when they heard the sound of hustled leaves not far from them. Both of them shine their light to the origin of the sound and discover the third borgey contact.

The Nadder became more and more aggressive and produces a lot of movement. The two men in green outfit covered in leaves wasn't sure of what to do. That is until, it turns its head to the side.

"Red eyes! INFECTED!"

Both men start opening up on the dragons. Their weird stick started to produce bright light and a series of exploding noises in short order. Hiccup wasn't sure of what's going on, one thing he is sure of is that these men hurt that dragon.

"Stop it!" he threw himself to the stick, pointing it away.
>"What are you doing?! Get off!" the man pushes him away easily. But, then a sweep of the infected Nadder's tail and that man was sent flying into a tree trunk.<p>

"Jimmy! You fucking... AAAAAAA!"

The remaining man keep opening up, but it wasn't long before the dragon jumped on him and took his life with a single bite then throwing him away like a piece of garbage. The dragons growling and twitching before turning into Hiccup.

Both young Vikings has just witnessed something gruesome. In a sense of danger, Toothless begun to hiss and growl to the mad dragon and Hiccup drawing his flaming sword.

The Nadder reacts, he charges Hiccup with full strength. Toothless was ready to intercept, that's when a dragon unfamiliar to Hiccup intervenes.

A black dragon with wings wide open, crashed itself to the mad Nadder, sending it a few feets back. The Nadder growl and roar but then the black dragon replies with a more terrifying and longer roar.

GRAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

The Nadder then proceeds with doing everything it can to take a bite of the mysterious black dragon. The dragon evades it easily, only to push the Nadder away, slamming it into a tree.

Hiccup and Astrid were practically stunned the whole time as they watched the two dragons fighting. They have never see anything like it.

The black dragons wasn't finish, it charges the still recovering Nadder and stunning it even more. It was relentless in its attack. The black dragons then bites it neck and with its two forward feet held on to the the dragons and wouldn't let go.

The Nadder roars and growls, move in aggressive manner and slamming the black dragons into anything to make it let go of its neck. Nothing works, as the Nadder let out one last roar, the black dragons ends this fight for good. That is, by twisting the neck of the Nadder until...

SNAP!

The Nadder turns lifeless, and the mysterious black dragon dropped its victim. It doesn't even roar following its victory, it just wiggle its head and look fiercely into Hiccup.

Sensing another danger, Toothless growls back to the potential new threat. However, the black dragons keeps calm, it doesn't hiss or

growl back, or showing its teeth like Toothless did. It's glowing eyes stared back into Hiccup.

Hiccup didn't know what to say, neither does Astrid.

They both just stood there stunned in disbelief. When another white lights erects, the black dragons simply turned around and disappear to the thick forest.

Hiccup was just catching his breath, but it looks like it wasn't over for him just yet.

"DO NOT MOVE! On the ground NOW!"

>"Oh not again. Hey!" as he was pushed down for the second time.<p>

This time it wasn't just 2 men, there were at least 7. One of them wear a completely different outfit from the rest.

"We got casualties."

>"Check pulses."
"No pulse," said one man. "No pulse here too." Said another.

>"Infected dragon... it's dead." Said another men next to the deceased Nadder.<p>

The man who seems to be the leader shift his focus to Hiccup and Astrid, his face shows the emotion that he wasn't amused. He then shine a light to both Toothless and Stormfly again.

He then turned his attention back to Hiccup, he then said.

"Seriously, what the heck are you doing here...?"

Hiccup wasn't able to mutter a word before the man shot him with something. Toothless growl, and he was quickly given the same method done to Hiccup. Astrid and Stormfly were also the same. Hiccup visions became blurry, the last thing he saw before finally closing his eyes was the bright red end of a tranquilizing dart, sending him into a deep sleep.

On the darkness, the last voice he heard before everything went quiet was,

"Okay, take them back to the camp."

* * *

><p>I hope you enjoy that one...
Before I end this... one little thing**

Just keep this one in mind,

Short Fact :

**Legion possess the element of two different armies; **

**1] The American White Division (U.S) and 2] The Russian Black Division [USSR/Russian Fed.]**

_**Both armies can be mobilized according to the organization's need. A small element can be deployed into different worlds or different

universes through the available wormholes (portal between worlds) along with limited weapons and certified technology for the length of a single mission._*_

_**It's against the rules to bring technology more advanced than that of the destination world's furthest developed technology. (e.g : Bringing guns into a world where swords alongside bow and arrow is the main technology of that world) unless it is permitted and filled the requirement of the Legion's mission in that particular world.
**_

4. Chapter 4

Plot twist : It's an update, and I'm not abandoning this...

>I just update whenever I feel like it, and now... I'm feeling for an update.

* * *

><p>Alone. Sitting by myself, back in a little cabin within the forest. It was quite a night, not just for me but also for all of us.<p>

Two soldiers from the White Division was killed, two good men. Andrae felt even more responsible for the death of two of these men. He's in charged here, he has the responsibility to bring everyone alive after all of this is done. Despite all this, he hides his feelings well.

It was dead silence, all I can hear clearly was the sound of seconds in a clock. Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock. I looked at it occasionally. Time moves slowly when you did so. It's now 1 A.M according to the clock hanging on the wall.

Precisely after I figured out what time it was, the door open. I was joined with Dart. He's been trying to fix the chaos back in the camp along with Andrae. I also heard people from the support branch return after hearing what happen.

"Crazy night, eh?" He greeted me. Grabbing a chair and pulled it near me.

>"Yeap." I muttered, as I play with a piece of coin I carried with me.
"There's nothing you could've done..."

>"I could get there faster, could save both of those kids and the two soldiers."
"But you didn't. Regardless your action tonight was greatly appreciated."

>"Well then, signed me up for a medal." I jokingly said.
"I'm sure you know this, but try not to blame yourself. If you keep doing it, you WILL lose your mind."

I ignored his advice.

"Tell me, how many people lose their life in this operation, so far?"

>He paused for a second. I suppose he's debating whether to tell me or not. He however finally answers my question. "12 so far."<p>

"What will happen to them now?"

>"They'll be returned to their own world, to their family. Their CO will say that they were killed in Afghanistan, Iraq, or whatever, and they'll be buried like heroes."
I looked at him, "About the 2 last night, what would they say about them?"

>"IED blast destroy their Humvee, killed instantly. Look, it doesn't matter now. Try to get some sleep, I mean, you look like you haven't sleep in ages."<p>

He's right, I need to get some shut eye. But now, I have too many questions needed to be answered.

"Hey, Dart..."

>"Dart's not here, Dart is sleeping." He said. I guess he didn't have much sleep either, I shouldn't disturb him. I guess should evacuate the cabin if I'm not going to get any sleep.<p>

I decided to head out towards the camp, I'm pretty sure there's at least something I can do there.

The camp was less quiet than I expected. A few sentries still posted but nothing more.

"Hey!" A voice called.

I looked, only to find a girl with a hazelnut-blonde hair in a white coat calling for me. I walked over to her. She greeted me and ask,

"You're the ones they called Stuka, right?"

>"Yes. You must be Ms. Tanner."
"Please, no need to be formal here. You can call me Helen. Come in please..." she politely asked me to enter the tent she was in. It was the infirmary.

"I thought you're a biologist."

>"Well, yes. I'm also a doctor."<p>

There's enough bed in the rather spacious tent. Most of them are empty, but seeing a few of them had blood on it indicates that someone occupies it not long before. That's when I see those kids, the source of our chaos last night.

"Andrae explains to me who they are. Never thought we'd be so honored to be visited by a Viking chief."

>"Why am I here?"
"Oh, here." She offers a chair, "Take a seat."

So I did, without asking further question. She then wears a set of rubber gloves from the desk along with a flashlight. After that, she gave me another instruction to follow.

"Open your mouth."

>"Ah, you're checking me, aren't you?"
"Yes, now open up."

>"That won't be necessary."
"You know you should listen to your doctor. Now open your mouth please."

I'd rather not get into an argument, so I did what she told me to do.

"No blood, nice teeth." She commented.

>"There's no need for this, I didn't bite through its skin."
>"Better safe than sorry. By the way, your mouth smell surprisingly good."

>"Okay, what?!"
>"I'm sorry," she chuckled, "you are free to close your mouth now."

I looked over to the two sleeping culprit. They must be on their 20s, such a young age. I can somewhat excuse their sense of curiosity, even if that leads to last night's incident.

"They're fine, the infected dragons didn't touch them or anything."

>"How long will they be like this?" I asked.
>"Couldn't tell, I mean that tranquilizer was made for dragons."

>"Their dragons are fine too?"
>"Yeah, apart from one of them who received serious injury in one of its leg. But, there's no bite wound so there's that."

"Bottom line, I wouldn't worry about their well-beings."

>"Just worried about what will happen after they're awake, right?"
>"Well, yea. So much for keeping all of this a secret."

"So, can you do me a favor? Look after them for me..." she soon said, hanging over her white doctor coat on the hanger.

>"Where are you going?"
>"To have some shut eye. I don't have your kind of beastly endurance..." she paused before realizing what she had said, "...not that it means anything."

>"Alright, fine."
>"Okay, that was awkward, hehe... I guess I'll see you in the morning."

She waved, I waved back before she finally leaves the tent. I scratches my head, before pulling another chair near to support my both of my legs. I laid for a while, using both of the chair. I couldn't tell what time it was. With no sense of time it felt like an eternity.

Pretty soon my boredom took over and eventually forces me to stand up. It's still dark outside, and dead silent. There's a bunch of files on the desk. I walked towards it, taking a look at some of them. They're reports, stacks of them. They're mostly explaining about the recent cases.

It's not like I have anything better to do. So I grabbed a few files and lean back on my double chair bed I set up earlier. I went through all of them, learning a few things about the outbreak along the way.

Not long after, I was done with my stack. So, I grabbed another one, and keep on reading.

* * *

><p>I wasn't sure how long I've been reading all that files, but as soon as I looked outside, the sun had already shows its shiny head on the horizon. Also, at a more or less convenient time.</p>

"Ughh..." I heard a sound from the bed. One of them started to open their eyes.

Noticing that, I tidied up the files I read before and put them back on the desk where they were before.

The boy was the first to wake up. He moan and shows a sign of dizziness. I guess that's what happened when you get drugged.

"Ughh... what happened?" he moan. "My head..." he complained. I didn't say anything, simply sat and faced towards the boy. Almost forgot his name, Hiccup was it? The Viking Chief of Berk.

"Astrid..." he confusedly said when he saw a young girl sleeping next to her, then suddenly, "Astrid!"

>"Relax, she's fine."
 "What?" he said as he faced me, "Who are you?! Where are we?! The dragons we-"

>"Hey!" I shout, earning his silence. "Stay here, your dragons are fine." <p>

Hearing that, he seems to relax a bit.

"Would you like some water?" I offered him as I stood up from my seat. He looked at me, perhaps still confused.

"I take that as a yes. Wait here, don't go outside."

A few minutes later I returned with two glass of water and a cup of coffee for myself. I was thinking that his lover, the girl named Astrid, might woke up when I returned. I was right.

They both furiously finish their drink while I slowly take a sip of the hot bitter coffee.

That Hiccup took a moment, steadyng his breath. Then, "Ah, sorry to be rude but, where are we?"

>"I don't believe I have the authority to answer that question."
 "Okaay, then, you're one of them aren't you? Why did you do with those dragons?" He proceeds with another serious question.

I'm just surprised that he still remembered what happened after being drugged by a dragon tranquilizer. Anyway, my answer to that remains the same.

"I don't believe I have the authority to answer that as well."

>"Well then, who are you, in particular? Don't tell me you don't have the authority to tell me your own name."
 "Hiccup, calm down." The young girl next to him tried to calm her.

>I calmly put down my coffee, "People called me Stuka, just Stuka."
 "So, 'just Stuka', where do you keep our dragon?"

>"I don't believe I have the authority to answer that question." <p>

On that note, I do believe I ticked him off by answering his question in such manner. Somehow it amuses me, so I let out a chuckle, a little bit.

"Oh, so you think this is funny do you?" I can tell that he's very

much pissed at that point.

I stop myself from having too much fun with them. The next thing would be to wait for either Andrae, Dart, or Ms. Tanner to replace me. My guts told me that I won't have to wait long for that.

Time to return to my sets of chair.

"Ah, excuse me, Stuka, was it?" said the young girl this time.
>I gave her a slight glance without saying anything. I think that's enough of a message to tell her that I acknowledged her.<p>

"Yea, how long do you expect us to stay here?" she frantically asked.

>"Honestly, I have no idea. I'm just waiting for someone to come and replace me."<p>

Coincidentally enough, that's when...

"Good morning Stuk-, hey, they're awake!" came the hazelnut-blonde doctor.

>"I trust you had a good night sleep?"
"Manage to snatch for a few hours, it'll have to do."

>"Good, you'll take it from here then Ms. Tanner." Said I as I left my chair, going to exit the tent.
"Hey wait!"

'Dammit!' somehow, I had the feeling that I won't be getting off so easily.

"Andrae is on his way, he wants you here. Oh, and didn't I told you to call me Helen?"

>"Yes, you did." I replied, feeling rather disappointed.<p>

Well then, there goes my plan to get out of there before it gets a bit 'crowded'.

"Hi, how are both of you doing?"

>"I'm fine," said Hiccup. "My head is a bit wuzzy." Followed by Astrid.
"That's fine, it will go away soon."

>"Our dragons, where are they?"
"They're fine, they're eating now. Oh, and I fixed the wound of that Nadder. It was yours I presume."

>"Stormfly! Thank you."<p>

They seems to have a nice conversation, better than I did at least. All the while I sat back on my chair. That's when we all heard someone from the outside.

"You two wait here."

>"Yes sir!" came a firm replies from two different voice.<p>

Expectedly, it was Andrae.

He enters the tent, with a more or less unamused face.

"Well, I would say good morning, but that sort of thing is getting more and more rare these days."

>"Come on, it's not that bad."
"You!" The browned-haired young man brought out.

>"Yess, me."<p>

Great, he remembered the face of the man that drugged him.

Anyway, he pulls a chair in front of the young man's bed and sat on it. He puts on his fierce look.

"Do you have any idea how much problem you cost me?"

>"What?! We do-
"Shut up." Andrae quickly shuts the young lass's mouth. "Here's how it's gonna work, you go get your dragon, fly back to your village, tell everyone that you're fine and nothing happens, lastly, DO NOT come back here again and NEVER mention us or this island, ever, for the rest of your live. Do you understand me?"

>"What?! No! No, we won't do what you asked, not until you answered my question. Let's start with; why are you hurting that dragon last night?"
"What makes you think we're hurting that dragon?"

>"Oh come on, don't even try to deny it. Those stick you used, they caused wounds on the dragon's body. I saw it, with my own eyes."<p>

It was obvious that Andrae thought the young dragon rider was annoying. It shows from the way he's looking at him. He tried to hold it in, going as far as closing his eyes, taking a deep breath, and pretend to smile in annoyance.

"Mr. Nock!" he yelled, soon one of the guards posted outside the tent steps in,

>"Sir!"
"Lend me your rifle." The soldier obey Andrae's order and reluctantly passed his rifle along to Andrae.

Andrae grabbed a hold of that rifle with both of his hand. His left hand was rubbing along the railing while his right was placed on the hand grip.

>"You mean this?" He asked. In one quick swing, he points the rifle towards the young boy.<p>

"Hey, wait a minute!" yelled Helen, "what do you think you're doing, Andrae?!"

>"Grabbed a hold of yourself." I warned him also.<p>

"Don't worry, this is me being cool-headed. Listen, kid. What happened here doesn't concern you or any of your friends or dragons."

The 20-year old, Hiccup, was obviously nervous. He knew what that strange thing pointed towards him is, and what it did to the dragon. Although, he wasn't sure, he definitely feel somewhat threatened by it, and it's showing all over his face.

Andrae continues with his intimidation, "we do not want you to be involved, and trust me, you do NOT want to be involved with this one. I cannot tell you my reason, but let me tell you this. If you didn't walk away from this, you're only putting your own dragons at risk."

>"Is that a threat?"
"No, it's a warning." Andrae put the rifle down, and proceeds with throwing it back to its previous owner.

At around that time, another character enters the tent.

>"Wew, am I... interrupting something?" It was Dash.
"We were done

here. What do you want?"

>"Ahh... the thing you asked for, it's here. The men are going to get it, but we're going to need a bigger boat."
"Find a bigger boat then..."

>"You can't just... you know what? Don't complain if it's not ready in the next 12 hours."
"Sure, now leave."

Dash leaves, disgruntled most likely.

"Ms. Tanner, they're free to leave. Show them to their dragons, and send them off this island." He said as he's standing from his seat. He soon left the tent before saying another word.

>"Yes boss..." Helen sarcastically answered. "So, like he said, let me show you to your dragons." She turned to both of them, asking them in a friendly tone.<p>

Five minutes later, we find ourselves walking halfway across the camp. Their dragons were tied in a tree on the edge of the camp, away from the soldier's tent. I can somewhat understand the reason behind it.

For some unknown reason, Helen had asked me to come along with them. That's when I find myself trapped, listening to the young chief's rant for the next minute or two.

"What is wrong with that guy?!"

>"He just... he's been through a bad day. Most of us are like that."
"You're not like that." Astrid follows in on the conversation.

>"Thank you, but I sometimes do."
"Say, why are you doing it, what we saw last night?"

Helen stops on her track, and turned to face me. She basically saying, "Should I explain to them?" asking me for a confirmation. Of course, I wasn't the boss. I was deployed as an extra muscle to fill in the gap. I simply shook my head.

"Yeah... I'm not really free to discuss that." She answered, which the young Viking chief finds disappointing. But Helen wasn't finish there, "Hey, my boss, he might look a bit cruel and cold, but if I were you, I'd do what he said. Going back here is dangerous."

>"Your suggestion is well noted, now where is our dragon?" I believe this Hiccup kid instantly overruled her advice.
"go along these path, and turn left. I got to go. Stuka you take over from here."

>"Do I have a choice?"<p>

She then ran off elsewhere.

"Toothless!"

>"Stormfly!"<p>

Both dragons cheered and roared in excitement as they were shown to their master. Both of them proceeds with hugging their respective dragons. The young girl, Astrid, notices the wound from her dragon. It was patched up, undoubtedly the work of that doctor.

"You treated his wounds. Thank you."

>"Don't thank me, thank that lady doctor."<p>

I led them back to the cliff coast on the east side of the camp through the shortest route available, through the middle of the camp. Along the way, there were soldiers, looking at us, although it was primarily those two kids along with their dragons. They didn't look happy, in fact, it's quite the opposite.

I wouldn't be surprised to know the only reason those soldiers didn't just 'accidentally' fired at the young couple is because I was there with them.

Fortunately, we made it to the cliff coast with no incident of such magnitude. I was greeted by Dash there, he's unloading something from an unusually long Viking boat. I can't tell what it was, as it was covered in clothing at the time.

"Hey, Hiccup." I called, and the brown-haired boy turned to me. "Keep flying that way and you'll reach your village eventually."
>"I know." He said as he shows a little compass attached on his arm.<p>

They were starting their preparation, checking if everything, every little equipment on their dragons is in order. At around that time, Dash approached and stood next to me. Without looking away from what the two young people doing, he whispers.

"Did they know?"
>"Hm?" I glanced, trying to clarify what he meant.
"Did they know they caused the death of two of our men?"
>"..." I paused, "They didn't need to know that, and... what makes you think they caused their death."
"It's not my conclusion, I simply listening in to the men."
>"They believed that?"
"They believe what they see, and the way they see it; if these two hadn't showed up, Private Jimmy Colbix and Private Arnold Holstetser would still be alive."
>"You don't know that..."
"Oh yeah? What makes you think Andrae gave the order to put all their rifles on their backs?"

I glanced around all the soldiers standing there, watching the two as they mount their dragons. All of them had their rifles on their backs. Not a single one held it on their hands, or cleaning their rifles.

"Well, there's going to be trouble if those kids came back."
>"Oh they will. They definitely will come back."<p>

"Hey Stuka!" a voice called for my name. It was Andrae, "Come here for a second."

"Well, he called me."
>"See you man."<p>

I ran over to the Sector Chief, "What do you need?"
>"Follow them."
"What?"
>"Follow them. I'm moving you to our safe house. You know, the one we used a few days ago. There's a radio there. You can use that to communicate with this island."
"Yea, sure. Why though? I thought you need me here."
>"Not anymore. Some of that gap has been filled with... that..." he pointed to the newly arrived object, covered in cloth. "That thing

will filled the skies with tracers."
"Triple A's battery."
>"HE sent me a whole Skyshield system. That should fill your gap just fine."
>"Alright," I said, agreeing to accept the mission. "What do you need me to do in that island?"
"When they're planning to return here, which they will, do everything you can to turn them back. I don't care what you did, don't let them return here, and no human casualty."
>"That's going to be a bit hard."
"You're a smart man, you'll figure it out."
>"If I failed?"
"Not sure, but I can only vouch for these men up until their breaking point, and it's getting pretty close to that."
He said, referring to the soldiers all around them.

By the time we're done with our conversation, the two kids had already left the ground of the island. After waiting a few minutes, I left to go after them. There's been a change in my mission. It's no longer containing. It's keeping the outsiders out. All in the name of their own safety.

I can only wonder what they're planning to do the next day after what they've found on that volcanic island. Whatever it is, I'll be the one who will put a stop to it.

* * *

><p>Well, appreciate if you're reading this. I'm doing these as a hobby, and I'll write the update just when I'm in the mood...
>Don't expect an update any time close, well actually... I updated chapter 4 just because I was surprised someone is actually reading it long after my last update. Appreciate it, and who knows, if there are more people reading this, then I might update it faster.

Thanks again anyway if you're reading this.

End
file.